



Here we have the last known photograph of the being known as nom from the planet Plume. This photo was taken mere hours before his species change operation.

Our sources report that the operation was 85% successful, however 'nom' (formerly 'nomdeplume' before he changed his identity to hide from the INS and MiB) is able to compensate for the other 15% and pass as human through the use of sunglasses, baggy shirts, and thick wool socks.

HaCsA presents...

Another funny book scan by oogla.
Today's crappy "Happy Birthday nom!" scan:
Attack v7 #31 Charlton Comics Nov. 1981



ATTACK

NO. 31

NOV



00770

81/CDC

50¢

**UK
12 P**

OUR FIGHTING FORCES IN ACTION

ATTACK



00770



1 1

72246 00770

MID-ATLANTIC...
THE SUMMER OF
1943...

END RUN: U-575!



THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS
CONDEMN OUR U-BOAT ACTIVITIES
...CALLING US BUTCHERS AND
MURDERERS...YET PRAISE THE
ENGLISH SUBMARINES THAT PROWL
THE MEDITERRANEAN...TORPEDOING
GERMAN AND ITALIAN MERCHANT AND
TROOP SHIPS ON THE WAY TO AFRICA...
TAKING THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS AXIS
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS...*BOTH* SIDES
MUST KILL BY CUNNING, STEALTH AND
TREACHERY...YET THEY ARE THE *HEROES*
WHILE WE ARE THE *VILLIANS*!

D-2736



...LET'S NOT DISAPPOINT
THE AMERICAN READING
PUBLIC ... FIRE ONE!



BLAMM!!

ATTACK Vol. 7, No. 31, November, 1981.

Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building Division St., Derby, CT 06418. John Santangelo, Publisher, George R. Wildman, Executive Editor. Copyright ©1981 Charlton Publications, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 50¢ per copy. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114E 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

Distributed by Capital Distributing Co., Capital Bldg., Derby, CT 06418.

ALL EDITORIAL MATERIAL HEREIN, CONTAINED WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN, AND IS REPRINTED FROM, PUBLICATIONS COPYRIGHT © 1972, BY CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC.

FOUR TORPEDOES FIRED AT 20 SECOND INTERVALS WITH THE SAME DEPTH SETTING AND GYRO ANGLE AT THE WIDELY SPREAD CONVOY FROM THE SLOWLY PIVOTING U-575...

RUNNING TIME ON THE SECOND TORPEDO ...1 MINUTE... 16. SECONDS...

PROPELLERS, HERR KAPITAN! DESTROYER BEARING DOWN ON US...!

VERY WELL. WE CANNOT OUT-RUN A DESTROYER. TAKE THE BOAT DEEP... VERY DEEP... TO THE BOTTOM...

AS THE DESTROYER COMES ABOUT, A SECOND MERCHANT SHIP FALLS VICTIM TO THE U-BOAT'S DEADLY TORPEDO PATTERN...

KRUMP!

MOMENTS LATER, ROLLING, SINISTER CANISTERS FOLLOW THE U-575 DOWN INTO INKY DEPTHS...

TWO TANKERS WERE SINKING AND A THIRD MERCHANTMAN BEGAN TO LIST AND BURN FURIOUSLY IN THE TWILIGHT AS THE FIRST OF THE DESTROYER'S DEPTH CHARGES EXPLODED BENEATH THE SURFACE.

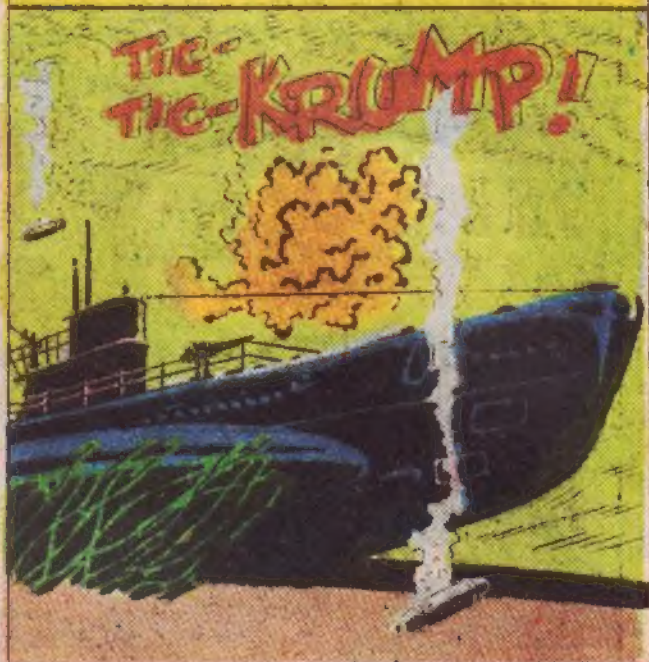
KRUMP!

KRUMP!

THE DESTROYER MAKES PASS AFTER PASS OVERHEAD... UNLOADING HER DEPTH CHARGES INTO AN ANGRY SEA... HOUR AFTER HOUR GOES BY. INSIDE THE U-575, FRIGHTENED MEN WAIT... LISTEN... PRAY...



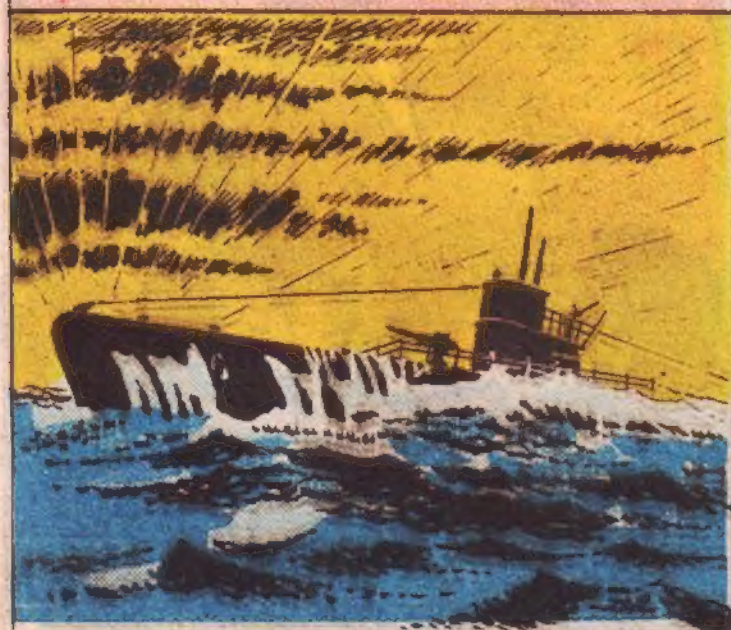
...AS THE SEA ERUPTS ABOUT THEM...



THE AIR WAS BECOMING FOUL AND THE EMERGENCY LIGHTING HAD TO BE PUT INTO EFFECT... THEN, WITH MINOR FLOODING IN THE FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM... THE MAN ON THE HYDROPHONES REPORTED...



THE DAWN LIGHT GLEAMS ON THE STREAMING BRIDGE AS THE U-575 BREAKS THE SURFACE...



THIS IS WHAT SAVED US, SCHNEIDER. ONE OF OUR BILGE TANKS WAS DAMAGED AND LEAKED DIESEL FUEL. THE DESTROYER MUST'VE THOUGHT WE WERE DONE FOR AND REJOINED THE CONVOY. WE'LL MAKE REPAIRS AND GET UNDERWAY IMMEDIATELY...



KAPITANLEUTNANT, (LT-CMDR), WERNER STEDDING, VETERAN WOLF
PACK CAMPAIGNER AND HOLDER OF THE KNIGHT'S CROSS ...
AN ABLE MAN AND A TIRED MAN... ADMIRER, LOVED AND
RESPECTED BY HIS FELLOW OFFICERS AND MEN ALIKE...

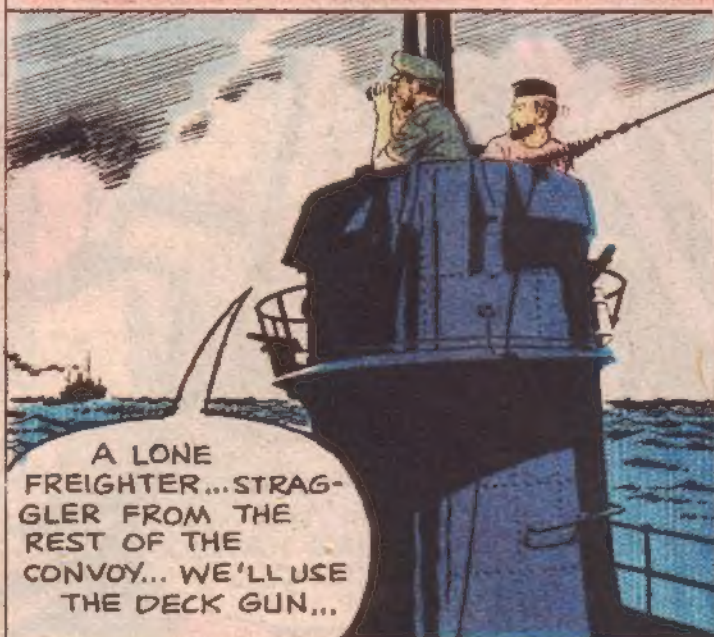
THEN THIS
SHALL BE OUR NEXT
POINT OF INTERCEP-
TION FOR THE CONVOY!
SCHNEIDER...



THE U-575 HAS BEEN AT SEA FOR SIX
WEEKS NOW... 50,000 TONS OF ALLIED
SHIPPING HAS BEEN SENT TO THE
BOTTOM BY HER DECK GUN AND TOR-
PEDOES. BUT THE WILEY STEDDING KNEW
THAT A SINGLE ERROR IN JUDGEMENT
COULD PROVE FATAL TO HIS BOAT AND THE
ENTIRE CREW... AND WITH ENEMY DES-
TROYERS OR AIRCRAFT CLOSING IN THE U-575
WOULD DIVE NEVER TO SURFACE AGAIN!



AS THE SETTING SUN CASTS ITS STRANGE
AND EERIE GLOW ACROSS THE
WATER'S SURFACE...



A LONE
FREIGHTER... STRAG-
GLER FROM THE
REST OF THE
CONVOY... WE'LL USE
THE DECK GUN...

WITH THE DECK GUN MANNED AND READY,
THE U-BOAT CLOSSES IN FOR THE KILL...
BUT...



STAR
SHELL!

DESTROYER... CLOSING FAST
TO RAM US! TOO LATE
TO DIVE! EVERYONE
BELOW!



CLOSER, THE DESTROYER CARVES ITS WAY THROUGH THE LAST FEW HUNDRED YARDS! ALONE ON THE BRIDGE, STEDDING BRACES HIMSELF, REFUSING TO ACCEPT THE INEVITABLE! HE MUST THINK FAST... ACT IMMEDIATELY...! 200 YARDS... 150 YARDS...



...75 YARDS... STEDDING STANDS THERE AS THOUGH HYPNOTIZED AS THE KNIFE-EDGED PROW OF THE DESTROYER REARS UP...



...AND GOES PAST, ITS SIDE SCRAPING THE U-BOAT'S HULL!



SUDDENLY, A QUICK STACCATO OF EXPLOSIONS IS HEARD, CAUSING THE U-BOAT TO LURCH FROM SIDE TO SIDE...



TIME THAT PASSES SO SLOWLY... FRIGHTENED MEN... AND AND UNBEARABLE SILENCE... AN ETERNITY LATER...

I CAN'T HEAR A THING, HERR KAPITAN. THE HYDRO-PHONES MUST'VE BEEN DAMAGED.

WE CAN WAIT NO LONGER. TAKE HER TO PERISCOPE DEPTH... WE MUST SEE WHAT'S OUT THERE.

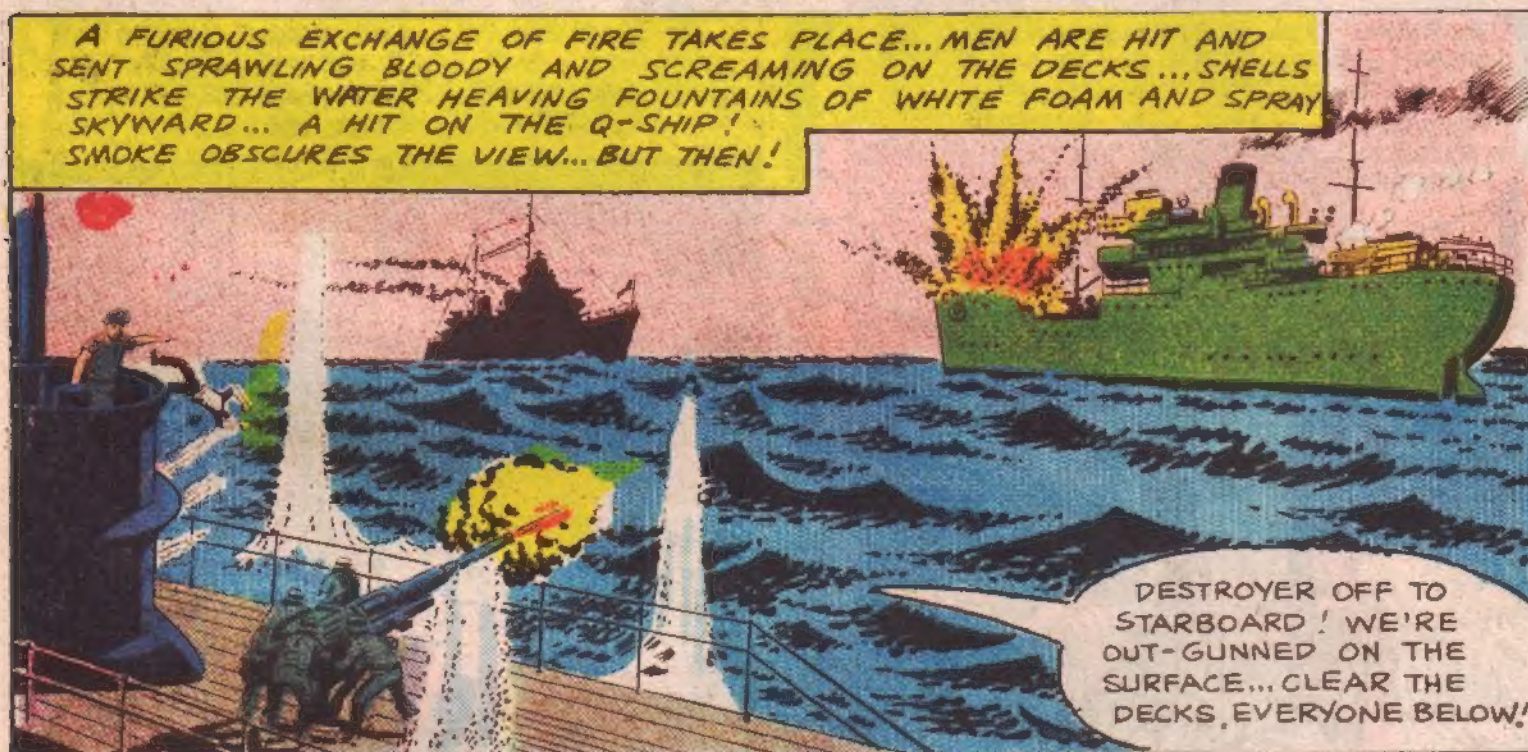
BURNING OIL... FLOATING CORPSES... SCATTERED DEBRIS... BLOWN TO PIECES BY HER OWN DEPTH CHARGES WHEN OUR TORPEDO STRUCK... GONE... AS THOUGH IT HAD NEVER EXISTED... NO SURVIVORS...

...NO SURVIVORS... AND ONCE AGAIN THE STRANGE AND DISTURBING SILENCE... AND THE HORRIFYING REALIZATION WHICH STRIKES THEM ALL...

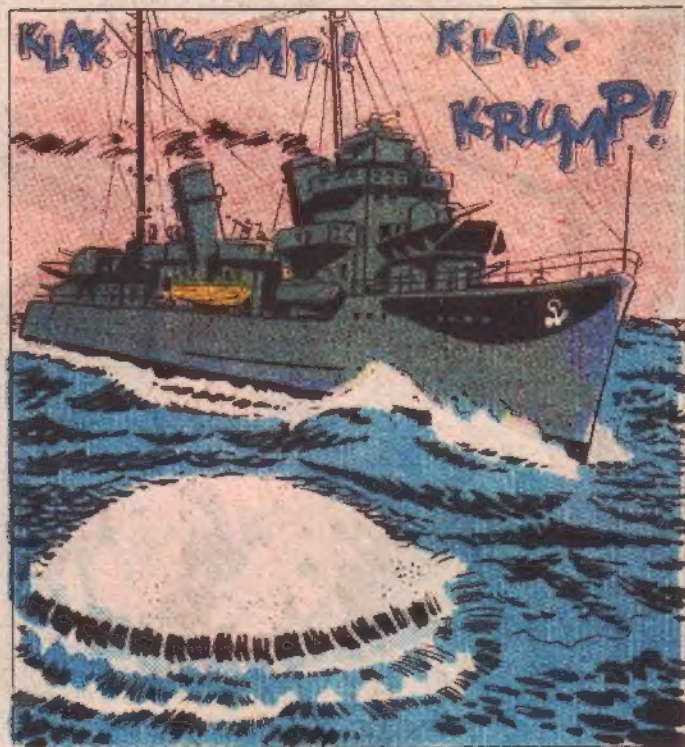
WELL... SO WHAT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALL OF YOU? WE'RE ALL RIGHT... WE'RE STILL ALIVE!!

AS THE FIRST LIGHT OF THE NEW DAY CASTS ITS BRILLIANT RAYS ACROSS THE HORIZON...

SURFACE... WE'LL TAKE THAT MERCHANT SHIP NOW! GIVE HER CREW THREE MINUTES TO ABANDON SHIP BEFORE WE FIRE!



AS THE LIFE SLOWLY FADES FROM HIS EYES, KAPITANLEUTNANT WERNER STEDDING, HOLDER OF THE KNIGHT'S CROSS, SPEAKS SOFTLY FOR THE LAST TIME TO HIMSELF... HIS CREW... TO THE WORLD...



DEEP, DEEPER STILL... EXPLOSIONS! THE BOAT REARS AND PLUNGES SHARPLY, WIRES AND CABLES SNAP, FUSES SHORT OUT, LIGHT BULBS SHOOT FROM THEIR SOCKETS, AND DOOMED MEN GASPING THEIR FINAL BREATH CRY OUT IN THE DARKNESS AS THE COLD SEA RUSHES IN...



AND NOW ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE U-515, HER CAPTAIN AND HER CREW, WAS AN OILY BLACK STAIN SPREADING RAPIDLY ON THE SURFACE... SOON TO DISAPPEAR INTO NOTHINGNESS OVER THE ENDLESS SEA...



39,000 OFFICERS AND MEN SERVED IN OVER 100 U-BOATS DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR... ALL BUT 7,000 OF THEM PERISHED IN THE CONFLICT.

END

PART 1

WAZI INFERNO

EAGLE FLIGHT TO KNOCKOUT
LEADER. BOMBS AWAY.
WE ARE TURNING
FOR HOME

ROGER, KNOCKOUT LEADER.
WE WILL CONTINUE ON TO
NORTH AFRICAN FIELD.
GOOD LUCK, OVER AND OUT.

THE RUMANIAN OILFIELDS WERE HEAVILY DEFENDED
BY POWERFUL ANTI-AIRCRAFT UNITS... FAST, MODERN
FOCKE-WULF FW 190S WERE INSTANTLY AIRBORNE
WHEN THE FLIGHTS OF AMERICAN B-24 LIBERATORS
NEARED THE REFINERY! AND AMERICAN EAGLE LED
THE LONG-RANGE P-51 MUSTANGS ON THIS DEEP
STRIKE... HEAVILY LOADED WITH CUMBERSOME WING
TANKS... EASY TARGETS FOR THE SLEEK NEW FOCKE-WULFS!

BANDIT ON YOUR TAIL,
AMERICAN EAGLE. WATCH
IT... YOU'RE HEADED INTO
THE FIRE.

GOT TO... I JUST
RAN OUT OF AMMO.
I'VE GOT NOWHERE
ELSE TO GO!



ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
AMERICAN
EAGLE?

I HOPE THIS
WORKS!



BUT AS THE FOREMOST ACE IN THE
E.T.O. HURTTLED OUT OF THE INFERNO
THE NAZI FIGHTER WAS RIGHT
ON HIS TAIL... HE COULDN'T SHAKE
HIS NEMESIS!

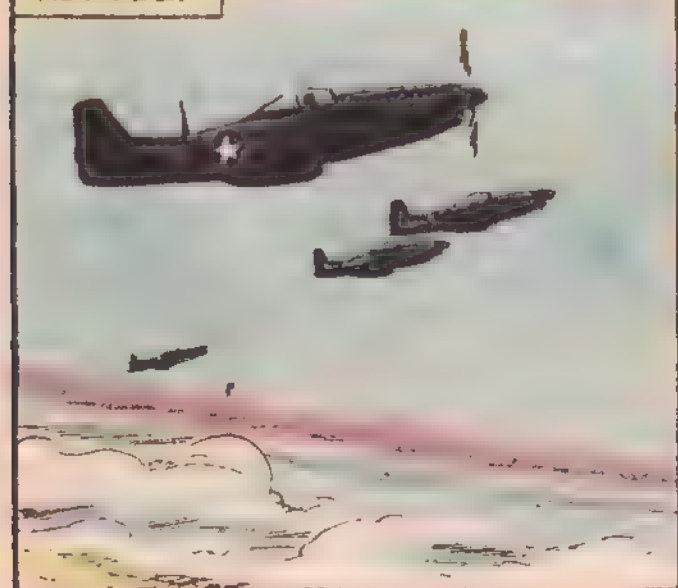


AMERICAN EAGLE. WHAT'S
YOUR COURSE AND SPEED?

COURSE 170 DEGREES,
ALTITUDE 6,000,
SPEED 390 MPH.

BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE TO... FOR AMERICAN
EAGLE'S MUSTANG HAD SURVIVED THE
SEARING HEAT OF THE FIRE... BUT THE
FOCKE-WULF FIGHTER WAS BLAZING!

THE B-24S HAD THE RANGE TO
TURN BACK TO ENGLAND... BUT
THE SMALLER FIGHTERS HAD TO
CONTINUE ON TO TUNISIA TO
REFUEL.

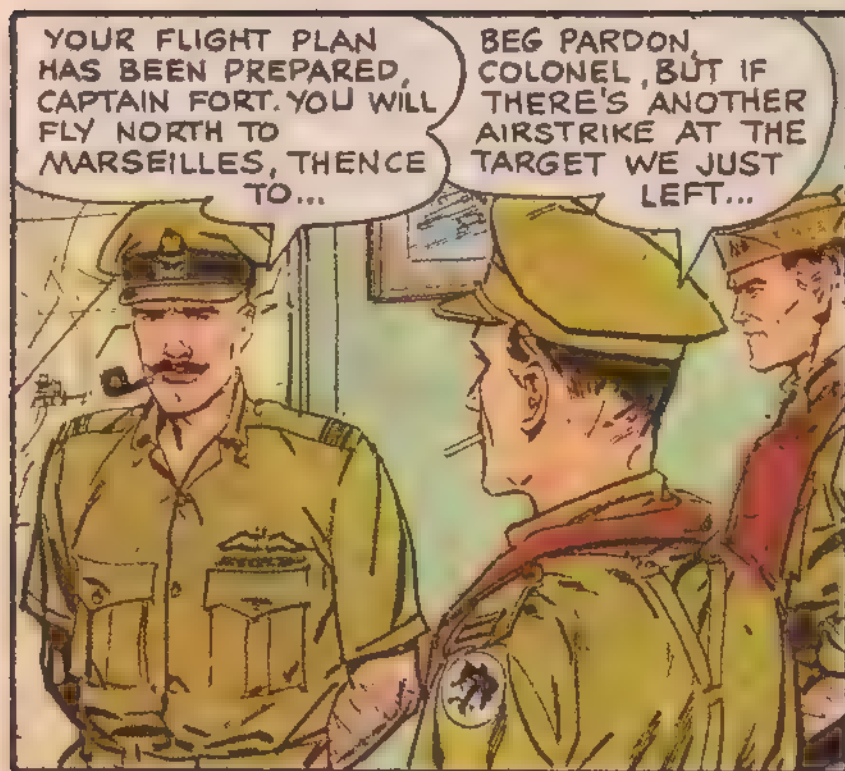


IN TUNISIA.

WHAT'LL
WE DO,
FLY NORTHWEST OVER
THE MED, THEN SOUTHERN
FRANCE AND THEN TO
ENGLAND?

THAT'S WHAT
OTHER FIGHTER
GROUPS DID,
REB...



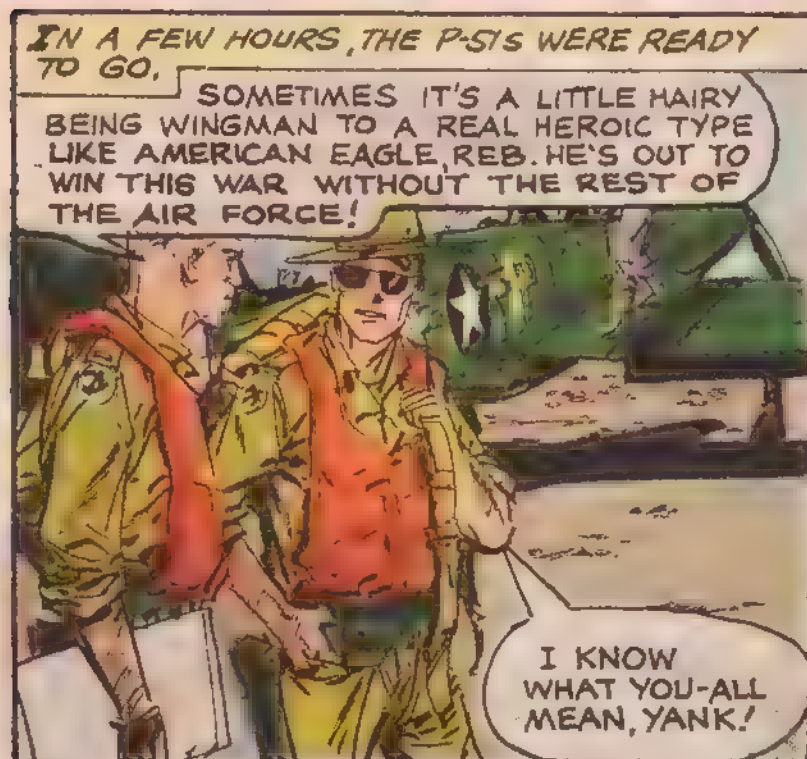


YOUR FLIGHT PLAN HAS BEEN PREPARED, CAPTAIN FORT. YOU WILL FLY NORTH TO MARSEILLES, THENCE TO...

BEG PARDON, COLONEL, BUT IF THERE'S ANOTHER AIRSTRIKE AT THE TARGET WE JUST LEFT...



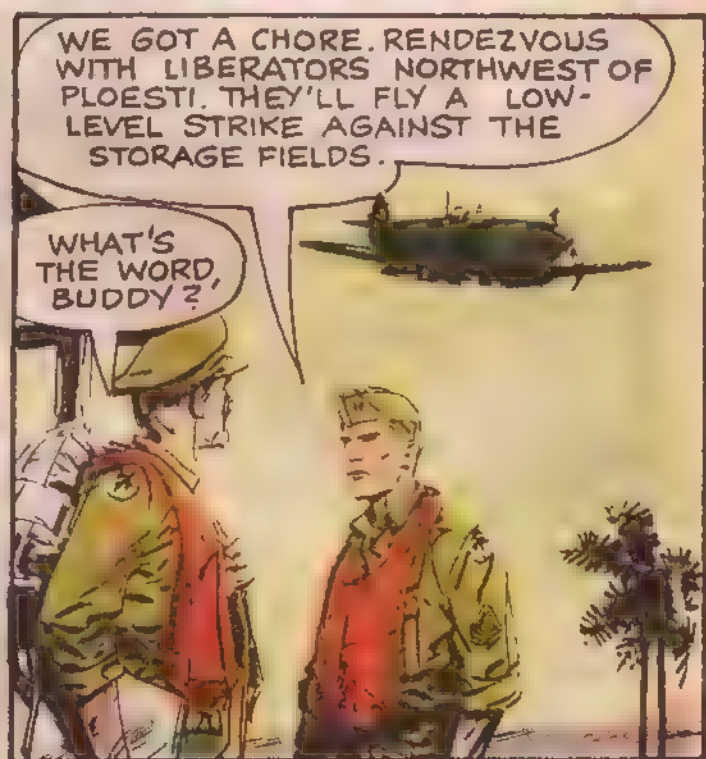
...MY FLIGHT COULD RENDEZVOUS NEAR THE TARGET AREA WITH THEM, PERFORM ESCORT DUTY, AND RETURN TO ENGLAND! NO SENSE IN WASTING ALL THAT GAS WITHOUT HITTING THE ENEMY!



IN A FEW HOURS, THE P-51S WERE READY TO GO.

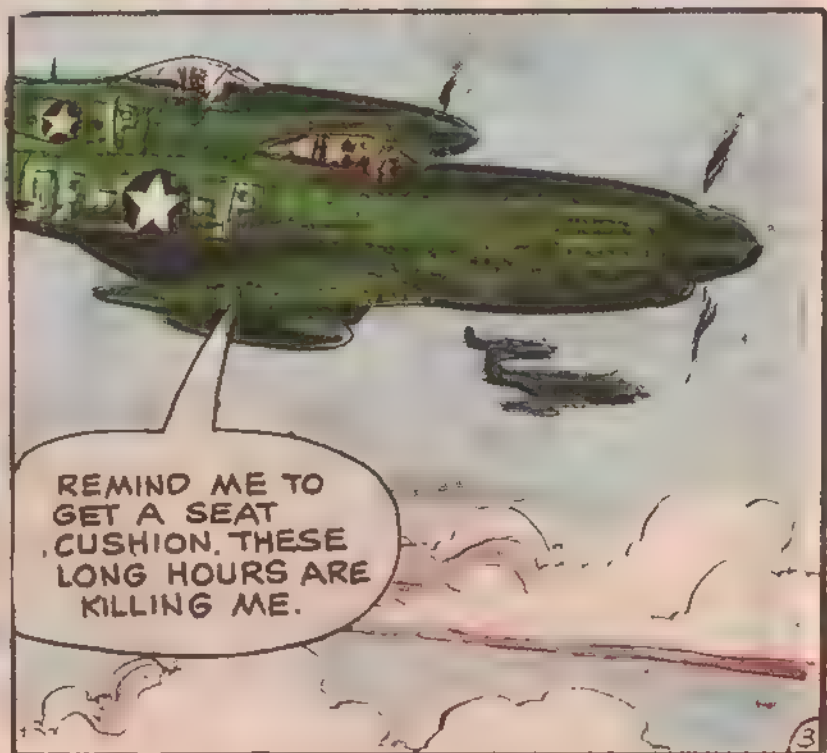
SOMETIMES IT'S A LITTLE HAIRY BEING WINGMAN TO A REAL HEROIC TYPE LIKE AMERICAN EAGLE, REB. HE'S OUT TO WIN THIS WAR WITHOUT THE REST OF THE AIR FORCE!

I KNOW WHAT YOU-ALL MEAN, YANK!



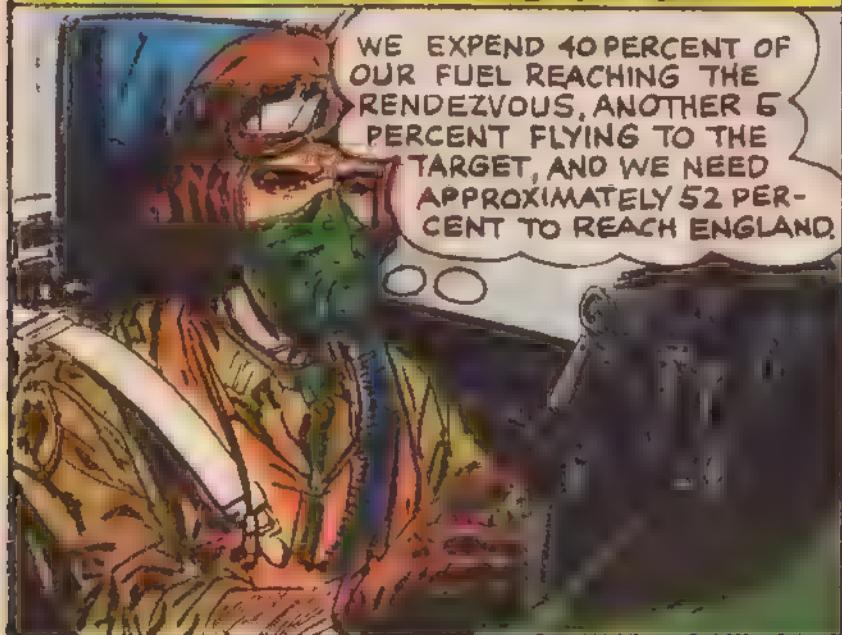
WE GOT A CHORE. RENDEZVOUS WITH LIBERATORS NORTHWEST OF PLOESTI. THEY'LL FLY A LOW-LEVEL STRIKE AGAINST THE STORAGE FIELDS.

WHAT'S THE WORD, BUDDY?



REMIND ME TO GET A SEAT CUSHION. THESE LONG HOURS ARE KILLING ME.

AS THE OTHERS BANDY CRACKS, AMERICAN EAGLE'S RADIO IS SILENT. HE HAS SERIOUS FIGURING TO DO... AND THE ANSWER HE COMES UP WITH IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.



WE EXPEND 40 PERCENT OF OUR FUEL REACHING THE RENDEZVOUS, ANOTHER 5 PERCENT FLYING TO THE TARGET, AND WE NEED APPROXIMATELY 52 PERCENT TO REACH ENGLAND.

LEAVING US VERY LITTLE GASOLINE TO BURN FIGHTING NAZI FIGHTERS. LESS BOMBER CREWS WOULD BE LOST IF THE ESCORTING FIGHTERS COULD EXPEND MORE TIME AND FUEL FIGHTING THE NAZIS OVER THE TARGET!



EAGLE LEADER, THIS IS HOG CALLER. THANKS FOR SHOWING UP. HOPE WE DON'T RUN INTO TOO MUCH GRIEF OVER THE TARGET.



EXPECT THE WORSE, HOG CALLER. WE'LL STICK AS LONG AS WE CAN ... BUT YOU KNOW OUR FUEL PROBLEM. WE'LL GIVE YOU THE WORD WHEN IT'S TIME TO LEAVE!

ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG! FOCKE-WULF PILOTS, MAN YOUR AIRCRAFT. SCHNELL! SCHNELL!



AMERICAN EAGLE DIDN'T WAIT FOR THE FIGHTERS TO COME UP... HE WENT DOWN AND 'GREETED' THEM!



THERE WAS A MAD SCRAMBLE IN THE RUMANIAN SKY. SCREAMING ENGINES, THE YAMMER OF .50 CAL MACHINE GUNS THE LETHAL COUGH OF THE 20 MM CANNON CARRIED BY THE NAZI FIGHTERS... AND THE QUICK, HARSH VOICES ON THE FIGHTER FREQUENCIES AS EACH SIDE CALLED WARNINGS AND COMMANDS TO THEIR FELLOW PILOTS!

SOMEONE TAKE THAT NAZI...
WE'RE ON OUR BOMBING RUN,
WE CAN'T JINK AROUND NOW!

YA'LL QUIT WORRYIN'
...OL' REB'S GONNA
CLOBBER THE NAZI!

BOMBS AWAY...
BUT STICK
AROUND,
EAGLE FLIGHT...

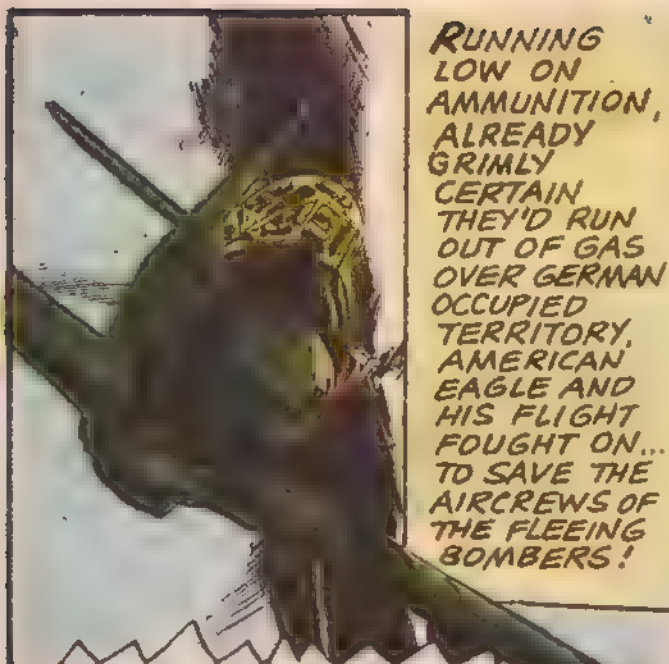
WE STUCK AROUND TOO
LONG ALREADY! WE'LL
NEVER REACH OUR BASE
IN ENGLAND!

ANOTHER GERMAN FIGHTER
GROUP COMING IN, EAGLE
LEADER, LOOK LIKE MESSER-
SCHMITT 110'S.
IF YOU LEAVE...

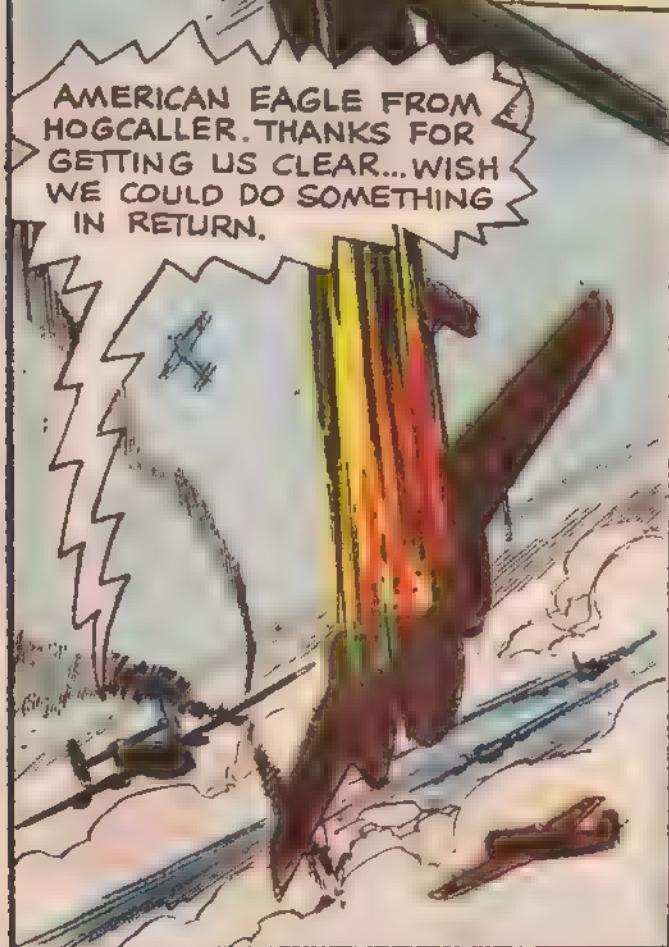
WE'LL STICK
WITH YOU,
HOGCALLER.

AMERICAN EAGLE, FROM
EAGLE 3, I'VE GOT 45 PERCENT
FUEL LEFT. STAY AROUND MUCH
LONGER, I'LL HAVE TO...

...CARRY
THIS PLANE
HOME!



RUNNING LOW ON AMMUNITION, ALREADY GRIMLY CERTAIN THEY'D RUN OUT OF GAS OVER GERMAN OCCUPIED TERRITORY, AMERICAN EAGLE AND HIS FLIGHT FOUGHT ON... TO SAVE THE AIRCREWS OF THE FLEEING BOMBERS!



AMERICAN EAGLE FROM HOGCALLER. THANKS FOR GETTING US CLEAR... WISH WE COULD DO SOMETHING IN RETURN.



THIS IS THE ACCURSED LEADER, THE ONE CALLED AMERICAN EAGLE!

FIELD MARSHAL GOERING HAS OFFERED A REWARD OF 10,000 MARKS! I WILL SURELY COLLECT IT NOW!

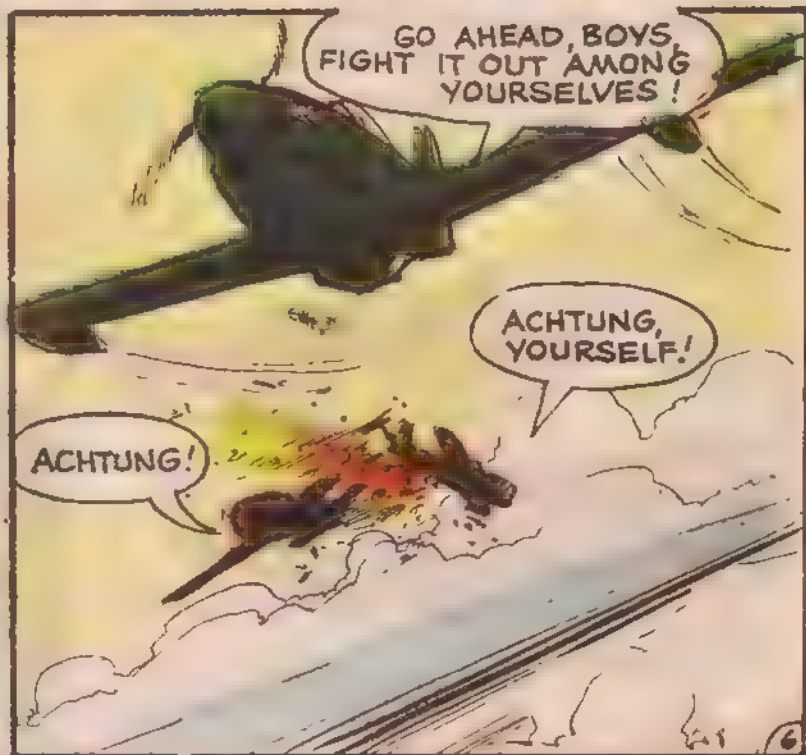
DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, HOGCALLER. WE'LL MAKE OUT SOMEHOW!



HE ISS MINE, SCHWEINHUND!



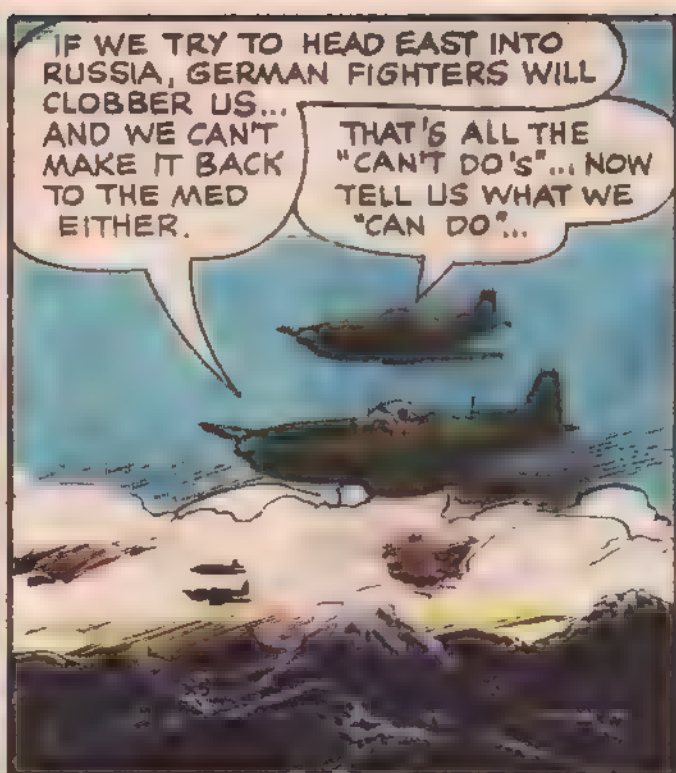
NEIN! HE ISS MINE!



GO AHEAD, BOYS, FIGHT IT OUT AMONG YOURSELVES!

ACHTUNG, YOURSELF!

ACHTUNG!



I WAS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN
BEFORE THIS WAR BEGAN! I
LIVED IN DETROIT, WISCONSIN.
YOU HAVE BEEN TO THIS
PLACE, MY FRIEND?

WE HEARD YOU TALKIN' TO
EACH OTHER ON THE FIGHTER
FREQUENCY, MY FRIEND...
YOU ARE FAMOUS,
AMERICAN EAGLE.

...AND WE BLOW UP THEIR FUEL DUMPS! WE AMBUSH THEIR TRUCK CONVOYS. THEY NEVER COME UP HERE INTO THIS HIGH VALLEY!

A person wearing a tiger-print shirt is crouching in a field, holding a large knife over a small animal. A sign in the background reads "K. H. 15" and "C. H. 15".

YOU KNOW...I THINK WE MIGHT JUST DO THAT!

END PART 1

YOU KNOW... I THINK WE MIGHT JUST DO THAT!

END PART 1

END PART 1

YOU GUYS HAVE EVERYTHING BUT AN AIR FORCE!

PART 2

GUNS O' KILLING

FOR THE MOMENT AMERICAN EAGLE AND HIS FLIGHT WERE SAFE FROM THE GERMANS... BUT THE FAMOUS FIGHTER PILOT WASN'T CONTENT WITH SIMPLE SURVIVAL... THERE WAS A WAR TO WIN... HE COULD NEVER FORGET THAT!

WE CAN CONCEAL THE AIRCRAFT WITH CAMOUFLAGE NETS AND WE CAN GET GASOLINE FROM THE GERMANS WHO SEND IT IN TRUCKS ON THE MOUNTAIN ROADS!

THAT'S GOOD NEWS, MY FRIEND... BUT WE STILL LACK BULLETS FOR OUR EMPTY GUNS! HOW CAN WE SHOOT DOWN GERMANS WITHOUT AMMUNITION?



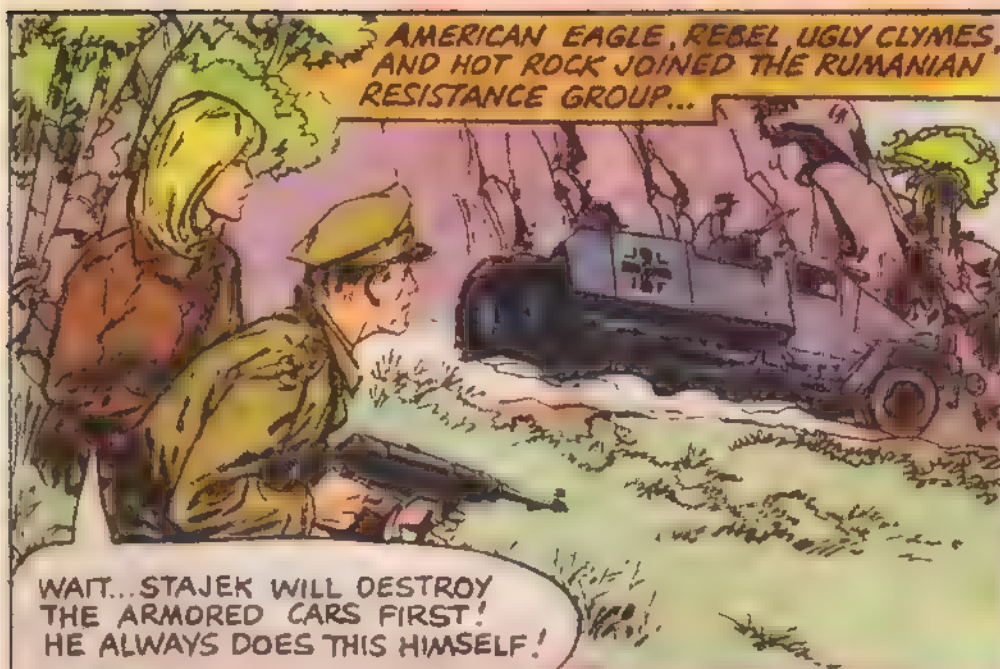
WE CAN ONLY STEAL THE KIND OF GUNS AND AMMUNITION THE NAZIS USE. 20MM GUNS AND SHELLS FROM THE AIR ORDNANCE DEPOT AT KJOLEN!



HOLD ON...WE CAN USE NAZI GUNS!

UGLY'S RIGHT. WE'LL INSTALL THE FOCKE-WULF GUNS ON OUR MUSTANGS!

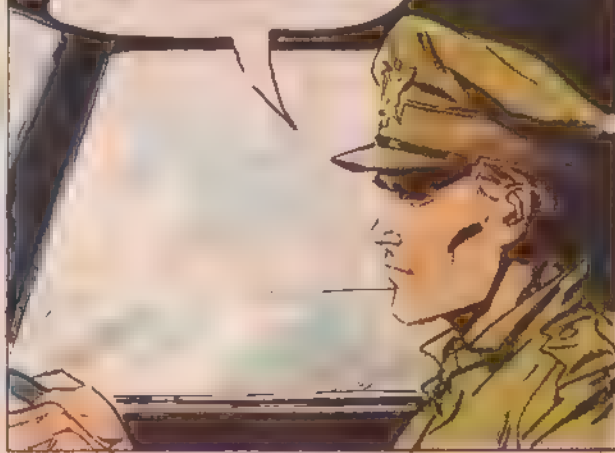




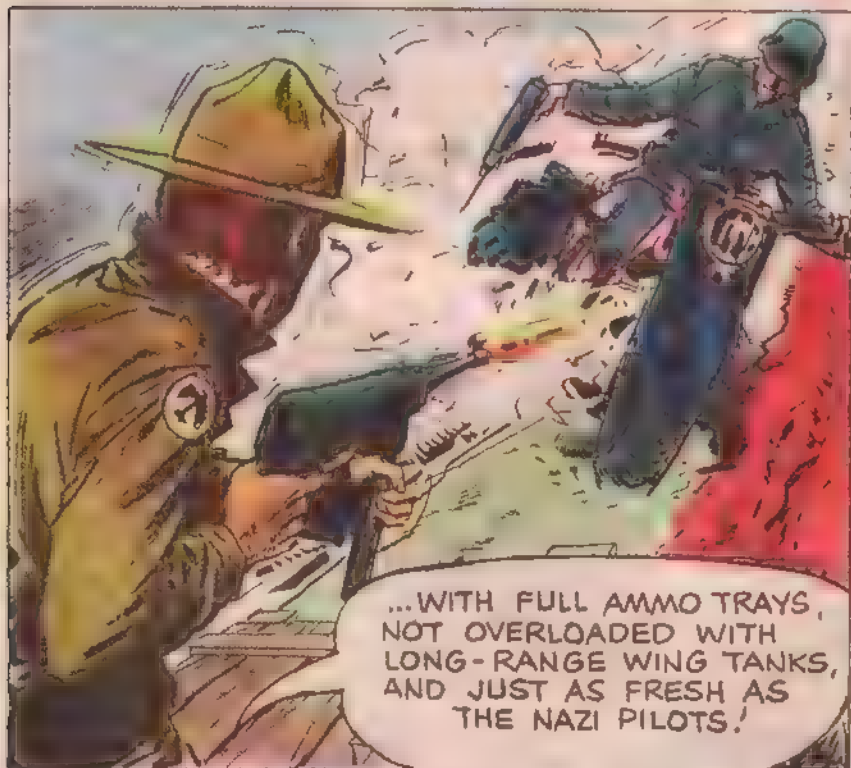
WHAT DO WE DO WHEN WE GET THE GUNS MOUNTED, AMERICAN EAGLE? JUST GO HUNTING NAZIS UP IN THE WILD BLUE?



STAJEK HAS A RADIO HIDDEN IN A CAVE. WE'LL CONTACT THE 8TH AIR FORCE IN ENGLAND AND OFFER *ON-THE-SPOT ESCORT SERVICE!* WE'LL MEET EACH BOMBER GROUP OVER THE TARGET...



UGLY HARRISON CLYMES III (ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE U.S. AIR FORCE) WAS A BORN MECHANIC! HE TOOK CHARGE OF INSTALLING THE ENEMY 20MM CANNON.



...WITH FULL AMMO TRAYS, NOT OVERLOADED WITH LONG-RANGE WING TANKS, AND JUST AS FRESH AS THE NAZI PILOTS!



WHEN WE HIT THE FIRIN' BUTTON WITH THESE BABIES, BOSS, IT'LL BE LIKE FLYIN' A BATTLE-SHIP!

I'M GOING UP TO THE CAVE TO SEND THE MESSAGE. YOU FINISH UP HERE, HOT-ROCK!



THE TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER, ALSO GERMAN, WERE FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY.

HE'S IN CONTACT WITH THE BRITISH NOW. THEY'LL RELAY YOUR MESSAGE TO THE 8TH AIR FORCE FOR YOU.

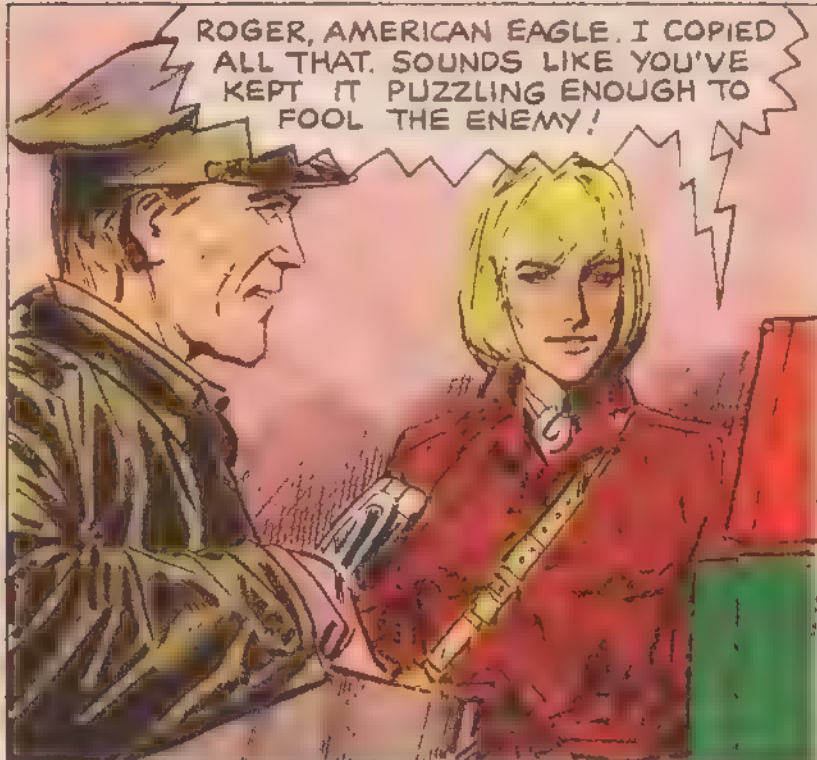


ONCE THE BRITISH RADIO OPERATOR HAD BEEN CONTACTED, AMERICAN EAGLE SENT HIS MESSAGE.

RUGY FROM AMERICAN EAGLE. AM PRESENT AT LAST PLACE WE WORKED, AWAITING ANOTHER SIMILAR ASSIGNMENT. SEND MY SERIAL NUMBER THREE HOURS BEFORE NEXT BOMBING MISSION AND WE WILL RENDEZVOUS SAME PLACE.



ROGER, AMERICAN EAGLE. I COPIED ALL THAT. SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE KEPT IT PUZZLING ENOUGH TO FOOL THE ENEMY!



DAWN, NEXT MORNING, AS A LIBERATOR GROUP WAITS THE WORD TO GET GOING...

THAT'S AMERICAN EAGLE'S SERIAL NUMBER, MAJOR DREW. BROADCAST IT EXACTLY THREE HOURS BEFORE YOUR ESTIMATED TIME OF ARRIVAL OVER TARGET!



IT'LL BE GREAT HAVING AMERICAN EAGLE ON THE JOB AGAIN!



HERE WE GO, TIGERS AMERICAN EAGLE'S WAITING TO PROTECT US WHEN WE GET OVER THE TARGET.

HEAR THAT? LOWEST CASUALTY RATES WE EVER HAD WERE WHEN AMERICAN EAGLE'S OUTFIT FLEW ESCORT WITH US!



SUDDENLY, WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS CALL-UP OR ADDRESSEE, A STRING OF NUMBERS WAS GIVEN, THEN REPEATED!

NINER-FOUR-THREE-TWO-TWO-DASH FIVER-NINER-FOUR, I REPEAT. TIME HERE IS 0735. CHECK THAT, 0735 HOURS.

IT'S AMERICAN EAGLE'S SERIAL NUMBER! THEY'RE ON THE WAY! AND THEY'LL ARRIVE AT 1035 HOURS ACCORDING TO PLAN.



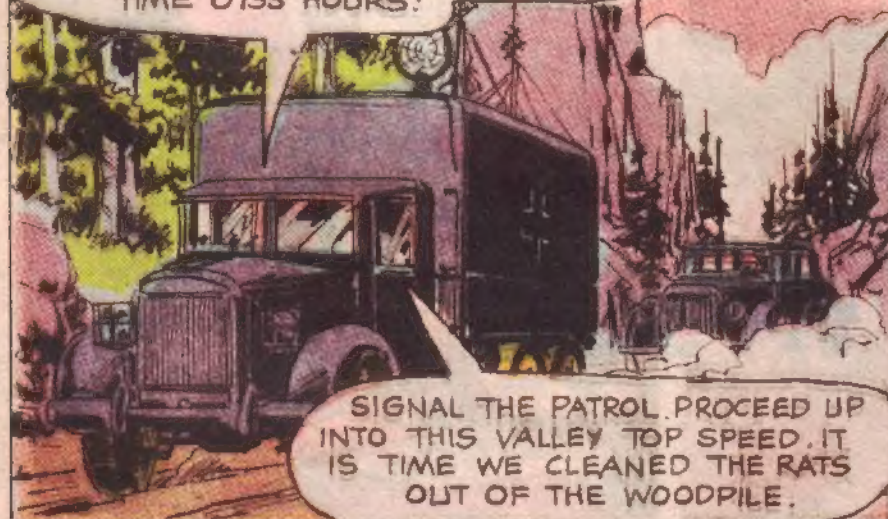
10 MINUTES LATER...

THANKS MARIJA. WE'RE ALL SET TO GO!



BUT THE RADIO TRANSMISSION HAD BEEN MONITORED... AND A DIRECTION-FINDING VAN WAS SLOWLY APPROACHING UP ONE ROAD INTO THE VALLEY!

ACHTUNG! TRANSMISSION IS FINISHED. ALL THAT WAS SENT THIS TIME WAS A STRING OF NUMBERS AND THE TIME 0735 HOURS!



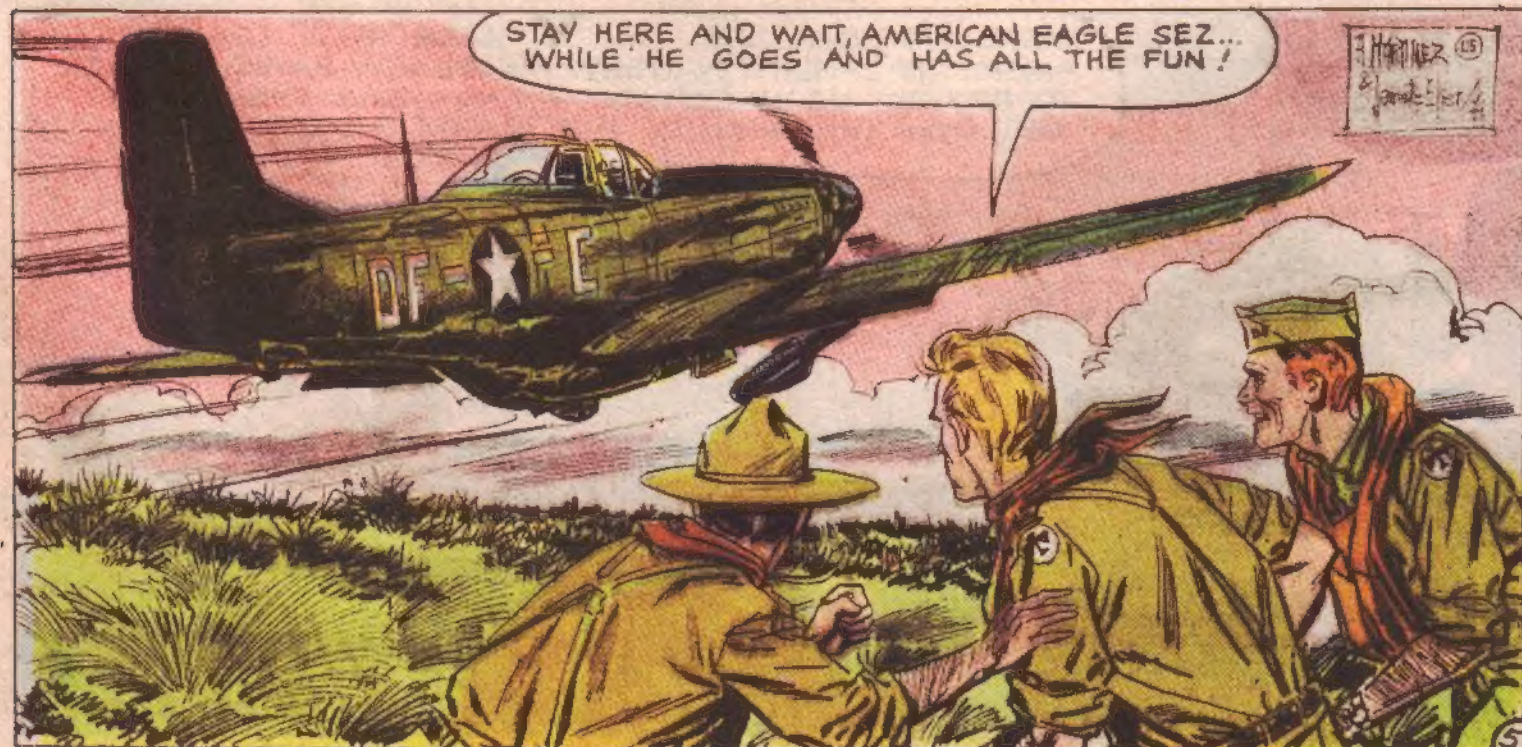
SIGNAL THE PATROL. PROCEED UP INTO THIS VALLEY TOP SPEED. IT IS TIME WE CLEANED THE RATS OUT OF THE WOODPILE.

MARIJA! A NAZI PATROL IS ON THE WAY INTO THE VALLEY! THEY'RE HOMING IN ON THE TRANSMITTER SIGNAL!

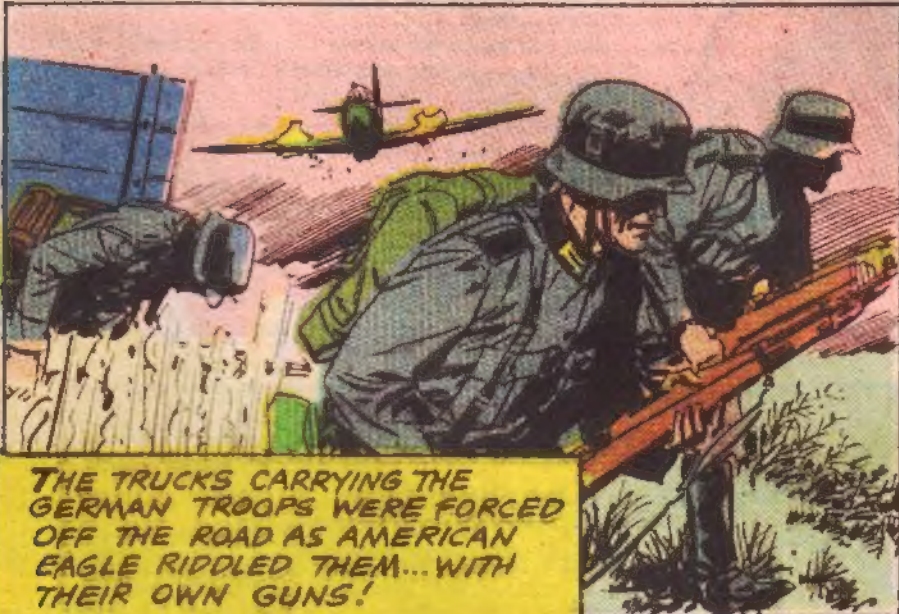
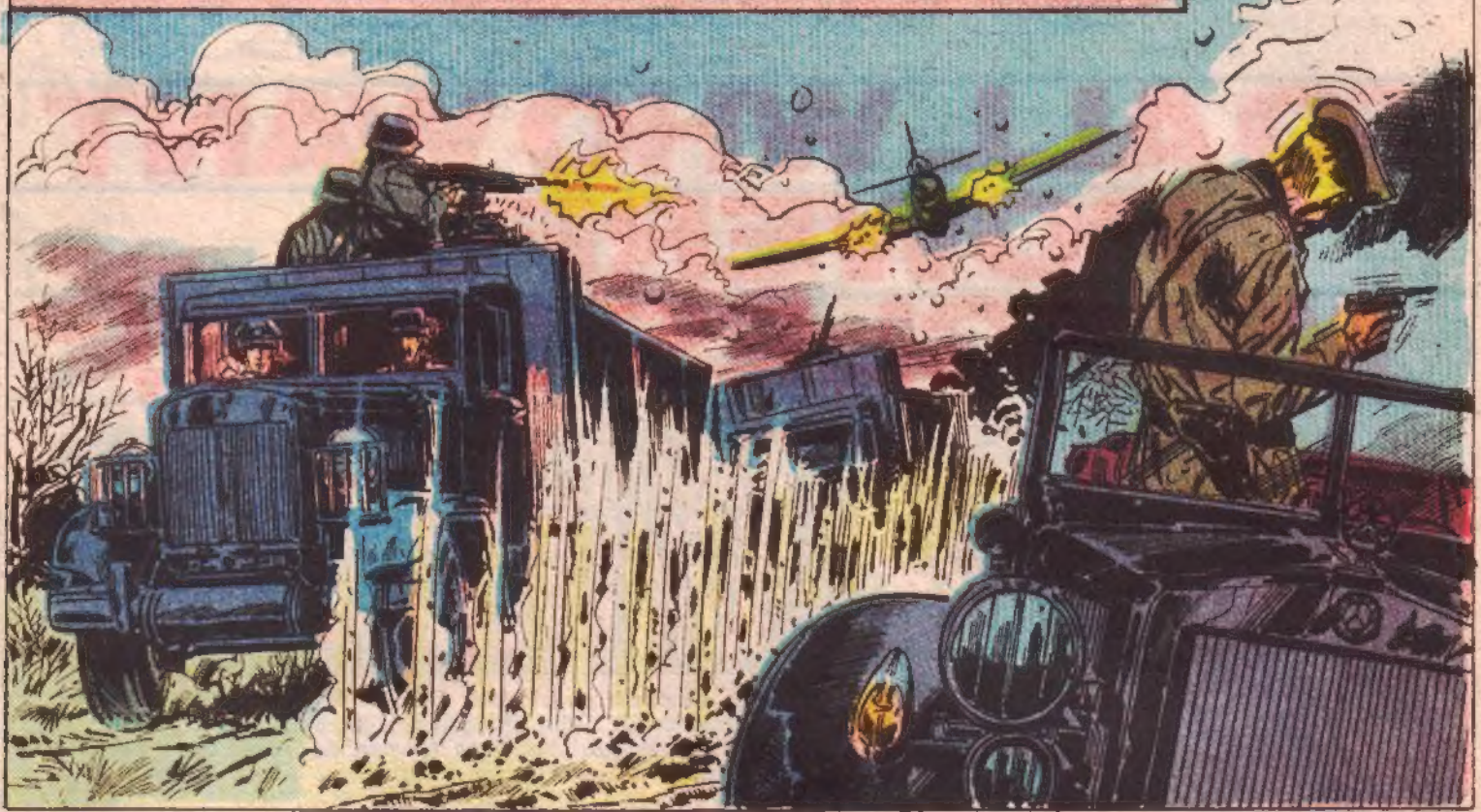
MOST OF OUR PARTISANS ARE AWAY. WE'LL NEVER STOP A STRONG PATROL!



STAY HERE AND WAIT, AMERICAN EAGLE SEZ... WHILE HE GOES AND HAS ALL THE FUN!



AMERICAN EAGLE CAME HOWLING DOWN THE ROAD AT 400 MPH, THE NAZI 20MM CANNON PUMPING SHELLS INTO THE NAZI COLUMN.

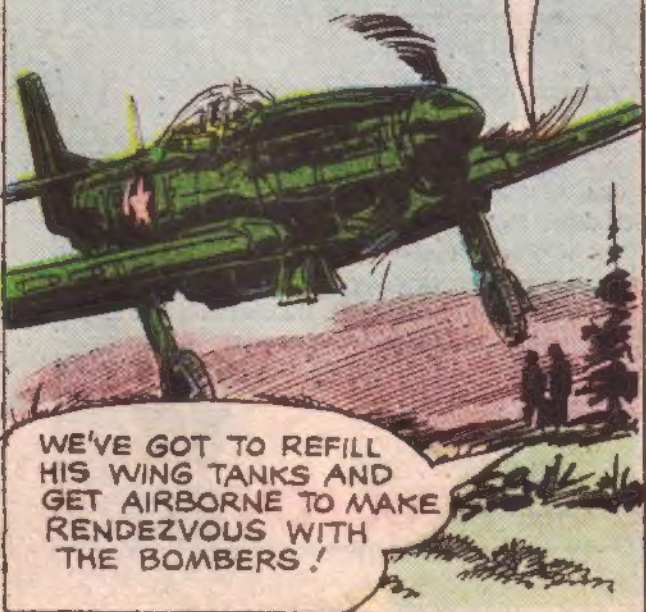


THE TRUCKS CARRYING THE GERMAN TROOPS WERE FORCED OFF THE ROAD AS AMERICAN EAGLE RIDDLED THEM... WITH THEIR OWN GUNS!

THEY WON'T BOTHER THE PARTISAN GROUP FOR A WHILE!



HE IS TRULY MAGNIFICENT, THIS AMERICAN EAGLE OF YOURS!



WE'VE GOT TO REFILL HIS WING TANKS AND GET AIRBORNE TO MAKE RENDEZVOUS WITH THE BOMBERS!

20 MINUTES LATER... AT 1025 HOURS.

OKAY, HOT-ROCK, REB, UGLY, HERE WE GO! WE ESCORT THE BOMBERS OVER THE TARGET ...AND WHEN THEY'VE UNLOADED WE FLY WITH THEM ALL THE WAY BACK TO ENGLAND!

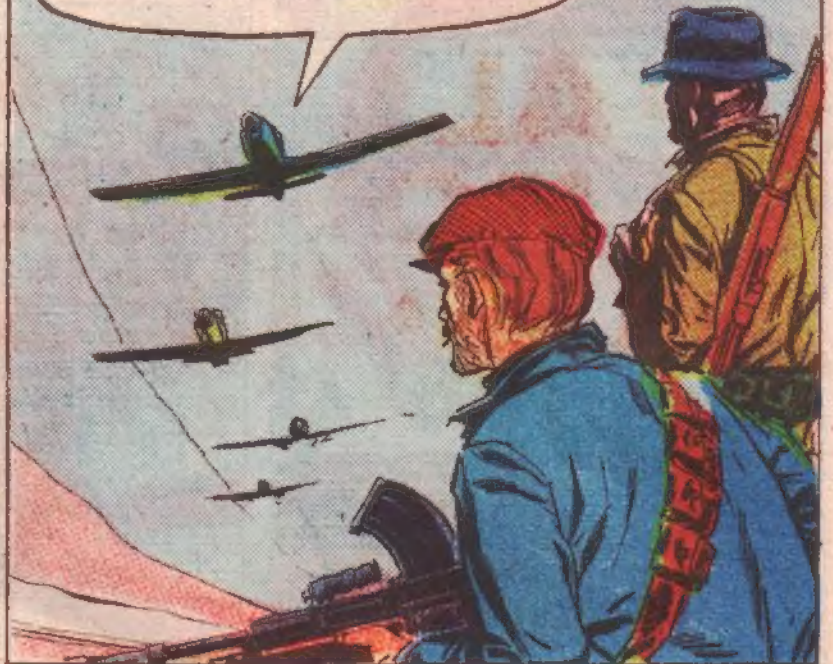


WE HOPED YOU'D STAY HERE FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR AND FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH US!

THE NAZI'S WILL SEND MORE TROOPS IN HERE. YOU PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO LEAVE THIS VALLEY TOO. PERHAPS SOME DAY WE WILL MEET AGAIN.



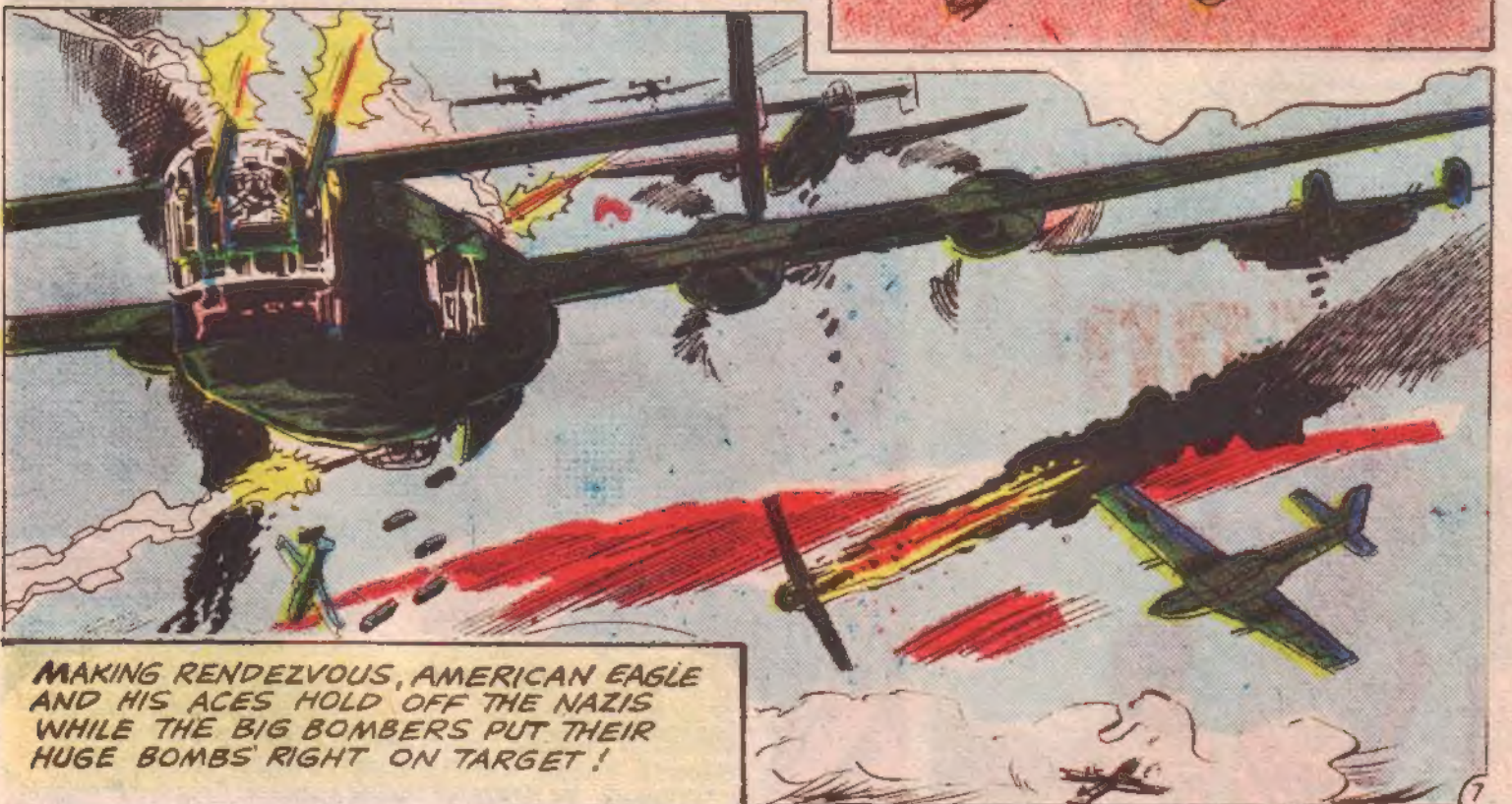
FORM UP AT 15,000 FEET WHERE WE WILL RENDEZVOUS WITH THE BIG BOYS!



FROM OBSERVATION POSTS 100 MILES AWAY THE ALARM WAS FLASHED... B-24 LIBERATORS ON THE WAY ONCE MORE! THE NAZI PILOTS RACED TOWARD THEIR PLANES!



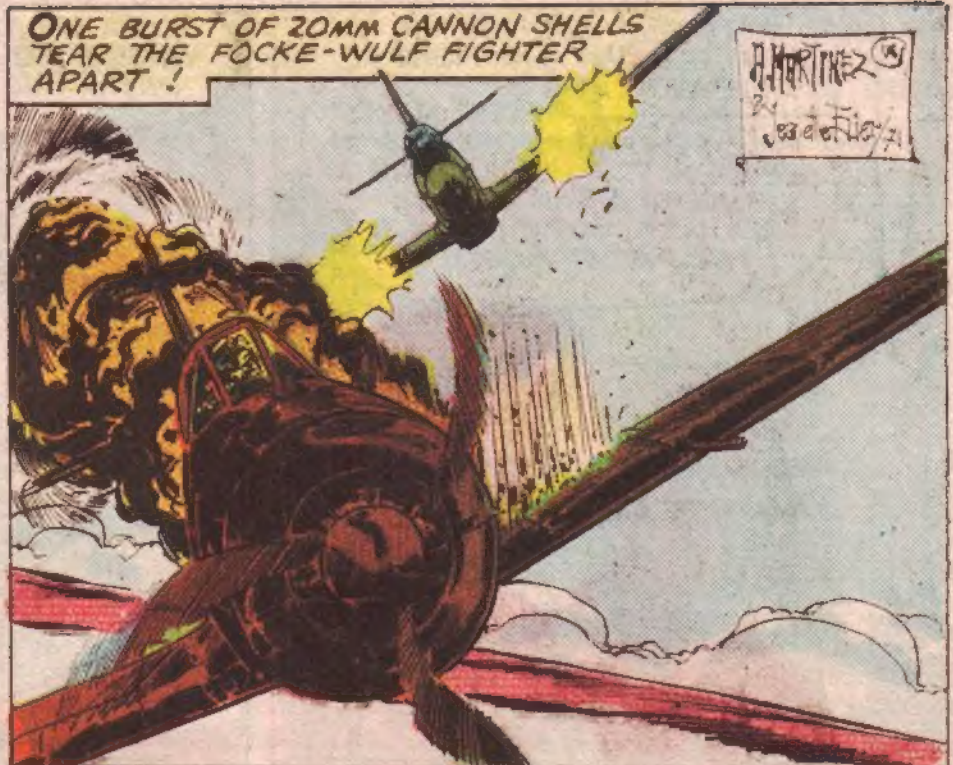
HOLD FORMATION... OUR JOB IS TO GET THOSE BOMBERS OVER THE TARGET AND HOME AGAIN, EAGLES!



MAKING RENDEZVOUS, AMERICAN EAGLE AND HIS ACES HOLD OFF THE NAZIS WHILE THE BIG BOMBERS PUT THEIR HUGE BOMBS RIGHT ON TARGET!



COOL AND DARING, AMERICAN EAGLE MANEUVERS ONTO A NAZI'S TAIL...



ONE BURST OF 20MM CANNON SHELLS TEAR THE FOCKE-WULF FIGHTER APART!

J. MARTINEZ
By
C. B. F. H. J.



THE FOUR MUSTANGS ARE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE... DESTROYING NINETEEN ENEMY FIGHTERS BEFORE THE JOB IS DONE!

ALL RIGHT, AMERICAN EAGLE, THE BOMBS ARE AWAY... WE'RE HEADED HOME!



THANKS, AMERICAN EAGLE... YOU DID A MAGNIFICENT JOB!



BEFORE YOU BOYS START FEELING TOO GOOD REMEMBER HARD-NOSE COLE'S BACK AT THE FIELD WAITIN' TO CLIMB ALL OVER US FOR NOT SHAVING THIS MORNING!



AMERICAN EAGLE, AS USUAL, WAS RIGHT. COLONEL COLE HAD BEEN STEWING IN HIS OWN BILE WAITING FOR THE FOUR ACES HE DETESTED TO RETURN SO HE COULD...

...THE SLOPPIEST COWARDLY GANG OF MISFITS IN THE WHOLE 8TH AIR...

COLONEL COLE, GO FILE SOME PAPERS OR SOMETHING. I'VE GOT SOME MEDALS I WANT TO GIVE THESE MEN! AND THEN I WANT TO SHAKE THEIR HANDS AND THANK THEM FOR DOING A GREAT JOB!

END